THE

RIGHTS

OF

SOVEREIGNTY

ASSERTED.

An ODE.

[Price One Shilling.]

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An ODE.

By THOMAS WARWICK, Esq;
OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE

OF

NORTHUMBERLAND,

THIS PIECE,

BY HIS GRACE'S PERMISSION,

A SMALL PROOF OF RESPECT AND VENERATION

TO HIS GRACE'S MOST EXALTED CHARACTER,

AND THAT OF HIS NOBLE SON

EARL PERCY,

IS,

WITH DUE HUMILITY,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MUCH OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

University College, Oxford,
May 15th 1777.

THO. WARWICK.

THE Author would think himſelf deficient in gratitude, ſhould he ſuffer this little *Coup d'Eſſai* to ſee the light, without returning thanks to the Reverend Doctor WHEELER, Canon of Chriſt Church, and Profeſſor of Poetry in this Univerſity, for his candid and friendly remarks on ſome exceptionable paſſages before its being ſubmitted to public inſpection.

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ASSERTED.

(I. 1.)

"MONSTER! whoſe unfilial hand
"Britannia's wrath would madly dare,
"At mine and Nature's dread command,
"Let fall the unhallow'd ſpear."
Thus 'mid' the deepeſt ſhades of night
From Montmorency's craggy height

Her heav'n-taught Genius—When thro' fury blind,
Ill-truſting to a rebel-blade,
America's raſh arm diſplay'd
Her ſtandard to the wind:

(I. 2.)

Vainly warn'd—for lo! the Fiend
From Acheron hath wing'd her way,
Whoſe ſteps no common woes attend,
Who aſks no common prey——
Belying now the ſacred form
Of Freedom brews the civil ſtorm;
Or lifts in well-feign'd Piety her eyes;
Directs to Heaven the falſe appeal,
And views with joy fanatic Zeal
To impious Frenzy riſe.

(I. 3.)

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Rous'd by the proffer'd lures of Guile
The headlong Paſſions hurry to her aid;
Here Avarice graſps a fancied ſpoil;
For ſpecious palms Ambition burns to wade
In kindred gore---with ſullen cry
Dark Diſcontent proclaims, "Revenge is nigh!"
Here, while Diſtruſt and mutual Fear
Graſp all-irreſolute the guilty ſpear,
Starts hell-born Anarchy to giant ſize,
And rears the embattled front amid ſupernal ſkies.

(II. 1.)

Fiends, avaunt!---for lo! profuſe
Of pardon and parental care

Her heav'n-taught Genius—When thro' fury blind,
Ill-truſting to a rebel-blade,
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(II. 1.)

Fiends, avaunt!---for lo! profuſe
Of pardon and parental care

The traitor child Britannia ſues
Her laws, her rights to ſhare:
" Yet to thoſe arms return," ſhe cries,
" That bade in peace thy wealth ariſe,
" That daſh'd in war deſtruction on the foe---
" When Bourbon's fleets hung o'er thy coaſt,
" Gave to the winds his ſcatter'd hoſt,
" And laid the Iberian low.

(II. 2.)

" Hence in ſafety thro' thy land
" Their heads a hundred cities rear;
" With treaſures fraught on every ſtrand
" Thy banner'd oaks appear---
" To thee my equal rights I gave,
" With thee my empire o'er the wave,

" And

" And ample wealth, and ampler glory ſhar'd---
" O happy! hadſt thou known to uſe
" What She, who now a ſuppliant ſues,
" Had freely thine declar'd.

(II. 3.)

" Go now---and crouch to vanquiſh'd Spain;
" With ſervile knee fatigue the Gallic throne;
" Acquire new Lords, nor bluſh to feign
" The burthen yet unfelt, and chains unknown.
" O! well-deſerving that this hand
" Withdraw her ſhield from an ungrateful land,
" Self-doom'd, of foreign arms a prey,
" To martial laws, and Superſtition's ſway---
" Rent in ill-hour, and propleſs on the plain
" The trampled Ivy ſeeks her late-priz'd Oak in vain.

(III. 1.)

(III. 1.)

" Breathes her voice a fruitleſs prayer,

" Untaught but to command before?

" Let then, who ſcorns my love, prepare

" To feel my rightful power!

" Is not this trident ſtill my own?

" Ceaſe I to wear the coral crown?

" Immortal pledge, for ages freſh and bright!"---

She ſpoke---and with decided air,

Gave to the * ILLUSTRIOUS BROTHERS' care

Her ſword of CONSCIOUS RIGHT.

(III. 2.)

Arbiters of peace and war!

Twin-ſtars of glory! urge your way!

* The HOWES.

Soon

Soon may the Breaſts you wiſh to ſpare
Returning duty ſway!
But ah! what horrors ſtrike my ſight?
The Rebel-band hath ruſh'd to fight---
The Vulture's beak is dy'd in civil gore.
Britannia, weeping, turns away;
In pity feels her wrath decay,
Yet Honour calls for more.

(III. 3.)

And lo! a YOUTH, whoſe eagle-eye
Darts martial lightnings on th' aſtoniſh'd crew,
Intently from th' unfolding ſky
In bright array what kindred ſpirits view!
O! deſtin'd to again call forth
In noble breaſts the ſeeds of ancient worth,

Thee,

Thee, PERCY! thy heroic line
Have mark'd with tranſport from their ſeats divine!
Thither, O! late be thy great ſoul reſtor'd!
A Father bids thee live, and Britain claims thy ſword.

FINIS.